THE TRANSGENDERIST

MARCH 1994

A Publication of Transgenderist's Independence Club, Albany, NY

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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN - Winnie [redacted]

My column is very short this month: I'm getting tired of this #*%$@! Winter, and expect you are, too. It's even hard to get away from it - see my story on the Texas "T" Party. If this newsletter is late, it's because we had another foot of snow on March 3, when I hoped to print and post it. I'm going to try getting away again, this time to Portland, Oregon for the IFGE Convention on March 12-20. But, hang in there! The **Groundhog** promised that Spring will begin on March 21, when I get back!

DINNER PARTIES: Again, we decided to cancel our party in February because of bad weather; no one wanted to confront the cold, cold ice and snow in skirts. We hope it will be thawed out in time for our March party, scheduled for ***March 12*** at the *Northway Inn*. Please sign up at the club room or call Joan by Thursday night, March 10.

1994 TEXAS "T" PARTY - Winnie [redacted]

Our Texas friends have been bragging for years, as only Texans can, about how their "T" Party is the biggest and best event in the World for "T"-people (that is, Trans-something-or-other). While I have been to many similar affairs, for some reason I had skipped the "T" Party - until this year. As our Northeast Winter got worse and worse, I looked forward with more and more eager anticipation to my "To"-Day - to warm and sunny San Antonio, on Wednesday, February 23. You may have seen those airline ads extolling how "Half the fun is getting there!" Well, don't believe it! - at least, not from Albany via Chicago in February. I had booked an early morning flight to get me to Texas before noon.

The day before, as I lounged in my tub of bubble bath shaving my legs, I heard the phone ring, and let my machine take the call. The message was bad news: "Your flight has been cancelled. Call to re-schedule." So I dialed 1-800-etc., and got a guy who told me he was in San Antonio and the weather was beautiful; he gave me a new reservation on a mid-morning flight. But, we awoke to snow that got heavier and heavier, and the mid-morning flight became a late-afternoon flight, and finally a mid-morning flight the next day; Chicago was socked in. Instead of basking in the sun, I found myself digging out from a foot of snow.

On Thursday, we awoke to freezing rain in Albany, but Chicago was clear and the planes were flying. After parking my car in the airport lot, I invented a new sport for the Winter Olympics, called the Trans-athlon: you have to run 500 meters over mixed ice and snow, with <u>no</u> skates or skis, carrying two 100-kilogram suitcases full of women's clothes, dodging mounds of snow shaped like automobiles. And yes, the plane left the gate on time, but sat on the ground for over an hour longer while they squirted six truckloads of de-icer over it and plowed the runway one more time. We

landed in Chicago just in time for me to watch my connecting flight backing out of its gate while we taxied by. With three more hours to kill before the next flight, I ate lunch and watched the baggage carts parade past the window, instead of the fashion models they had at the "T" Party luncheon.

Finally, a day-and-a-half late, we landed in San Antonio. I headed to where the baggage carrousel snaked out of its cave, and watched for it to disgorge my suitcase - and watched - and watched. Until a voice announced over the loudspeaker: "All baggage from this flight has been unloaded. If you don't see yours, it isn't here." There were still a few pieces going around; I suppose their owners were in Los Angeles, or Boston, or Miami, feeling just as bad as I did. At least, I was glad to have heeded the *First Rule of Air Travel:* ***Always include a complete change of clothes, and toiletries, in your carry-on bag.***

The *Holiday Inn* people were much better than the airline (which shall remain nameless) - their van showed up within a few minutes after my call. My room-mate had already arrived, and I checked in with just enough time to shower and change for dinner, which was followed with entertainment by *Tiny Mac*, who very ***definitely*** needs a corset! My big bag was delivered the next morning, thank goodness, so I didn't have to wear the same outfit all the time.

Having gone through all this trouble to get to warmer climes, I wasn't going to sit inside the hotel all day listening to speeches. Instead, I went on the City Tour, starting with a bus ride downtown to the boats on the San Antonio River, which is now pretty much canalized, a uniform 12 feet wide and 4 feet deep. It is flanked on both sides by the famous *River Walk*, which is a "must" for visitors and very popular with the locals, too. With temperatures in the 70's, it was a pleasant ride spiced by interesting chatter from our river pilot and tour guide.

This was followed by the obligatory pilgrimage to remember the *Alamo*, and a visit to one of the other four Old Spanish Missions in San Antonio, with a still-functioning church. After lunch at a Mexican restaurant run by Chinese (fortune cookies for dessert!), we made a final stop at the sunken Japanese Garden, constructed from an old quarry by a bunch of jailbirds under the direction of two Japanese couples invited to immigrate for the project. Overall, that Friday tour was a welcome change from our Albany weather.

We returned to the hotel in time for the "Renewal of Wedding Vows" ceremony for six couples, guaranteed to freak out non-T-people who happen to stumble by. Dinner at Eight was keynoted with a pep-talk by Phyllis Frye, urging us to Fight for Our Rights and come to the TRANSGEN Law Conference in August (**Note:** It isn't only for lawyers). The evening ended with a 50's-style sock-hop: the recorded music was authentic, and a few couples managed to find real poodle skirts, saddle shoes and bobby sox!

Saturday turned cloudy and cooler, so I sat in on a few seminars, with a flavor unique to the "T" Party: "Ask a Wife", about "Sex", and "Communication," with a break for lunch (unfortunately, the schedule was derailed becuase the same area was needed for talking and eating). Then, a talk on electrolysis by the "Desert Storm" method (the whiskers will never know what hit 'em!), ask me if you're interested. Again, Dinner at Eight, this time with no speeches. **What!** No *speeches*? **Yes,** no speeches! ***What!*** No *speeches*? Well,... hardly any! Leaving plenty of time for dancing to 50's-style Rock and Roll, or a visit to the hotel bar.

But up again early for breakfast on Sunday (they closed the buffet at 9:30) and a return home for most. I'm glad I elected to stay an extra day, to make up for the Mall-marching I missed on Wednesday and Thursday, as well as allowing more time to thaw a little. Back home on Monday morning; an uneventful trip this time.

TGIC
PO Box 13604, Albany, NY 12212-3604
(518) 436-4513 (live Thurs. 8-10 pm)

Transgenderist's Independence Club (TGIC) is a nonprofit, educational, non-sexual social support group for persons wishing to explore beyond the conventional boundaries of gender, including crossdressers, transsexuals and their friends.

TGIC Officers

President	Winnie [redacted]
Vice President	Joan [redacted]
Secretary	Joyce [redacted]
Treasurer	Winnie [redacted]
Newsletter Editor	Winnie [redacted]

The Transgenderist is the newsletter of **TGIC**, published monthly and mailed First Class to members, prospective members, friends, professionals, and exchange publications.

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TGIC General Membership Dues: $40/yr

LOVED ONES OF TRANSGENDERED - New Group

Support Group Forming: Josephina Speckert, M.Ed., a Massachusetts licensed psychotherapist from Pittsfield, with extensive experience with transgendered clients, and Jennifer [redacted] of the Albany Gender Project, announce plans to co-facilitate a support group for spouses, family members, and other loved ones of transgendered peoples. The group which will focus on the support needs of the participants will also provide unbiased, current and accurate information to aid a better understanding of transgenderism in all aspects. Meeting in Pittsfield, Mass., the group is expected to begin in March (depending on interest), cost will be held to a minimum, and participation will be limited in number. Loved ones are asked to contact Ms. Speckert at (413) 499-5858 or Ms. [redacted] at [redacted] for more details.

3RD ANNUAL
TRANSGENDER LAW AND POLICY CONFERENCE

TRANSGEN '94 REDUCED RATES !!!

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IN THE BLEACHERS

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Make check or money order payable to Kymberleigh Richards, and mail to:
P.O. BOX 944, WOODLAND HILLS CA 91365. CA residents, add 8.25% tax.

ARE YOU READY, MISS, FOR ELECTROLYSIS?
– Melodie [redacted]

Each evening I stare
At the mirror's icy glare
And ask "Who's the fairest
Of the fair?"

And the beard grows on.
Yes, the beard grows on.

I grimace and glare
And reach for a BIC.
This throw-away razor
Will do the trick.

Yet the beard grows on.
How the beard grows on!

I trade off whiskers
For facial scars.
Sometimes I feel
Like the girl from Mars.

And the beard grows on
And on and on.

I've tried Sunbeam, Norelco
And wet or dry Schick
But every evening
It's just as thick

As the beard grows on.
Still the beard grows on.

To other TV's
It doesn't look too bad.
Like the wanna-be's
In the Bud-Lite ad.
They ignore the beard
But it sure looks weird.

I've tried all kinds of Nair
And wax peel-off strips,
Cover sticks and white-out
And tweezers with grips

And still it's there.
You can see if you stare.

Legs or face
It's all just the same
There's nothing so grim
As a hairy dame.

And no matter
How often
You shave that chin,
It's a battle
You're never going to win.

For the beard grows on.
Yes, the beard grows on.

518/486-6149

John W. Morse
Computer Programmer/Analyst

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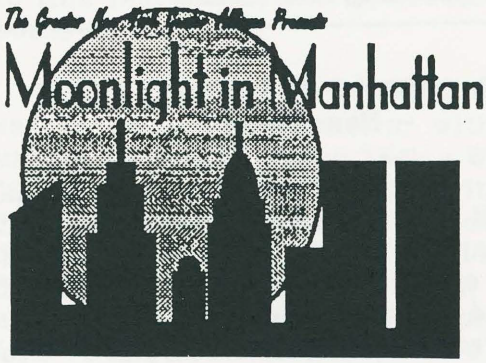

APRIL 21, 22, 23, 24 1994

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- ♥ and a lot more.

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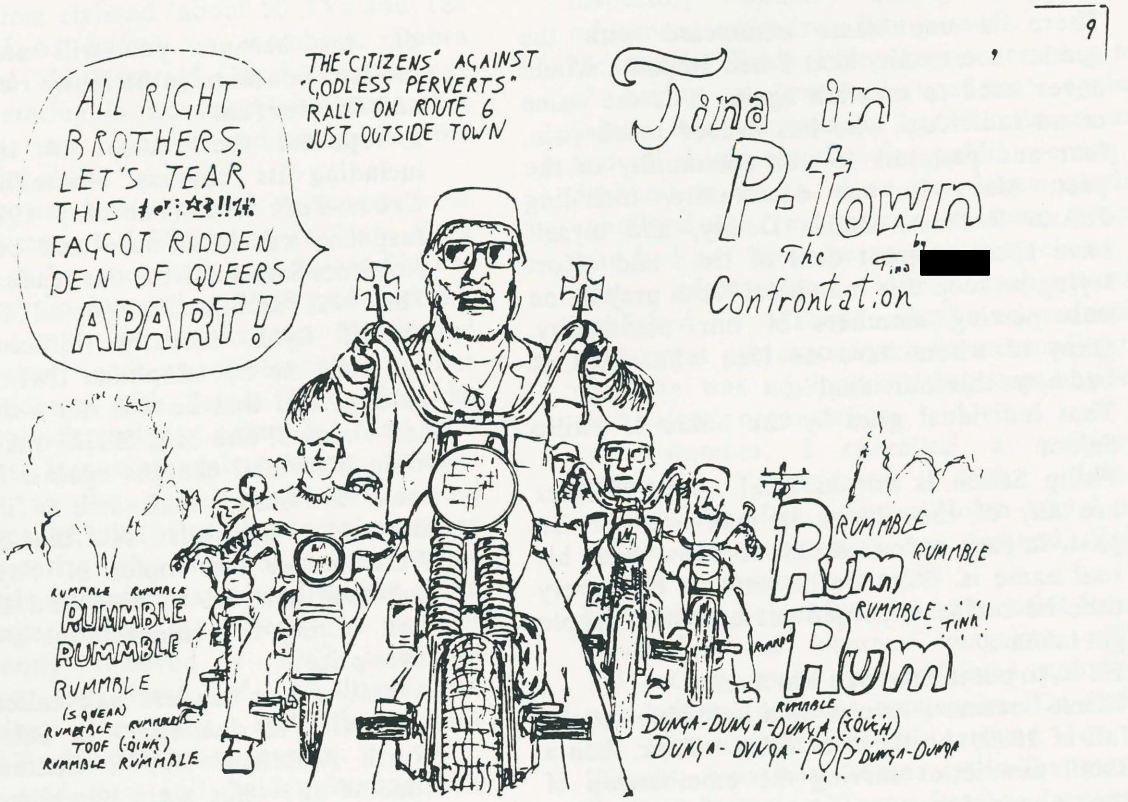
TINA IN P-TOWN – Tina [redacted]



WARNING: PHILIP SALEM IS BACK!

by Kymberleigh [redacted]
Publisher & Managing Editor, *Cross-Talk*

There is one name connected with the gender community that I had hoped I would never need to mention again. It is the name of an individual who has caused much pain, fear and paranoia to our community in the past. Many in our community, including JoAnn Roberts, Dallas Denny, and myself have spent a great deal of time and effort trying to keep this individual from preying on unsuspecting members of our community, many of whom have no idea what kind of bad news this individual is.

That individual goes by the name of Philip Salem.

Philip Salem is not his real name. Neither are any of the aliases he has used in the past. In fact, no one seems to know **what** his real name is. What we do know is that every time he surfaces, people get hurt and people get taken.

He is, to put it bluntly, a con man.

I first became aware of this individual in the fall of 1989, shortly after *Cross-Talk*, then a small newsletter serving the membership of the now-defunct social organization "The Valley Girls", received a letter from Salem addressed to me under my former name of Kevin, starting with the phrase "I received your letter today." **No letter had been sent by me; I had never heard of the man before then!**

The letter made such statements as "I will never understand why transvestites go through ... shaving, electrolysis, and wearing heels", and "I accept this as a personality disorder". He then advised me and my readers to "get yourself a sexual partner and enjoy life", and requested that I place two personal ads in the newsletter (which I refused to do, as we had no such service available at that time). Salem claimed at that time to have 300,000 to 400,000 contacts in the gender community, but in the same paragraph referred to the "fake (*sic*) and phoniness of the tv-ts world". He then asked for us to put him up for two days in Pasadena so that he could meet with the "about 40 female admirers" he had in the L.A. area. The letter ended "You will burn out too because you will not make any money. You have to be filthy rich like myself and do it for fun."

I reported the receipt of the letter -- including its obvious contradictions -- in *Cross-Talk* #12 (February 1990), and the response was immediate and overwhelming. Not from Salem ... from our readers!

The next month, I reported that Merissa Sherrill Lynn, executive director if IFGE, had told me by telephone that "Salem" was an alias and that he was not a doctor, as he had claimed. She said IFGE was considering filing blackmail charges against him, if they could find out his real name to file and serve him under. Lynn also said that Salem owed IFGE money for copies of *Tapestry* that had been shipped to him, and that he had been selling the magazine at a marked-up cover price.

Several of our readers had called to relate their tales of dealings with Salem and his "North American TV/TS Contact Service". None of the tales were complimentary, and none had a happy ending. One reader sent a photocopy of a letter she had sent to "Ina Rubin" along with $125 for membership in the "contact service" and membership directory. No such directory ever arrived, and the reader has since dropped out of our community.

Meanwhile, another letter arrived, obviously typed on the same typewriter, but signed "Tanya Ray", advertising a "wardrobe consultation service" for $100 per day plus travel expenses. (JoAnn Roberts of Renaissance later confirmed "Ina Rubin" and "Tanya Ray" as Salem aliases.)

Tania Volen, publisher of *The Transvestian* and *Femanine*, said she had removed Salem's ads from her newspapers, but did not elaborate at the time.

The saga continued in our April 1990 issue, as additional allegations surfaced. Bobbie Starr, who published the *TV-TS Journal* at that time, shared a photocopy of a letter she had received from Salem that started "You should be on hormones" and requested $25 for membership and the directory. In that

letter, Salem claimed "about 50 TVs and TSs in the L.A. basin" as members. Debra Darling of The Emerald City in Seattle sent a letter stating in no uncertain terms that Salem was **not** a doctor, and confirming the "Ina Rubin" alias.

By May, we had received a report from Vickie Stone at *LIFElines* in New York that one of her members sent Salem $25 for a directory in December **1988** and had not received a reply six months later. Vickie had the member send us photocopies of her correspondence with Salem (one-sided; he never replied), and her complaint filed with the Postal Inspector against Salem. Salem's response to the postal authorities, dated September 10, identified the complainant as a **transvestite** who wanted to meet other individuals interested in **crossdressing** (both terms underlined in the letter). The member subsequently received a 1987 issue of *Tapestry*, an issue of a little-known publication, *Transitor*, and three back issues of Tania Volen's newspapers.

What I said then still holds: Anyone who would reveal someone's connection with our community as retaliation for filing a complaint with the authorities for lack of delivery on a mail order, cannot and should not be trusted.

But the mailbox continued to fill here with Salem paraphenalia. Cynthia Howard of the Gender Alternatives League sent a copy of an interview with Salem in *Tapestry* #46 in which Salem said he had moved to Seattle in 1977 to take over Cathy Slavik's Empathy Press. (Slavik, contacted by telephone, said Salem worked for her only briefly and that she fired him for thievery of merchandise.)

Subsequently, Merissa Sherrill Lynn issued a very strongly worded statement in *Tapestry* after receiving "many letters, phone calls and personal comments ... mostly negative" following publication of the interview, supporting Salem's work with segments of the gender community that were not being served otherwise. While Lynn urged caution and advised that no one give Salem their name, address, or phone number, she said she did not believe Salem was "a sex merchant [or] exploiter".

Shortly after *Cross-Talk* published the report of Salem's response to the Postal Inspector, *Tapestry* quietly dropped all references to him from future issues.

Meanwhile, Tania Volen began accusing me of having a "personal vendetta" against Salem, and demanded that I release any and all documentation for public viewing. I declined to do so, since the documentation contained the real names of some people who had not given permission for release of that information. Volen subsequently published a "Tanya Ray" ad, despite concurrent correspondence to me confirming that she was no longer doing any business with Salem's organization.

In November, I cancelled a reciprocal advertising agreement with Volen's publications after advising Volen why I was unable to comply with her demand. Volen has not responded to this day.

Meanwhile, Salem found a new outlet for his mischief ... a "contact" magazine called *T.V. Guy*, based in Las Vegas, contained two "advice" columns written by "Dr. Salem the Transvestite Shrink", an ad for his "North American Transvestite-Transsexual Society" featuring "Tanya Ray" as "screening coordinator", and 14 personal ads using Salem's Seattle address. As the magazine had what could be termed sexually explicit content, and had been mailed to our P.O. box without request and without the required warning labels, I began taking legal action against the publishers in January of 1991, which ultimately resulted in the issuance of a Prohibitory Order against the publishers.

Meanwhile, a second issue of *T.V. Guy* arrived, containing more "advice" from "The Kinky Shrink: Dr. Philip Salem", 24 personals referring to Salem's organization, "transsexual of the month" and "transvestite of the month" features (members of NATTS, naturally), and a two-page spread of the photos of Society "members" ... two of which were of Danielle Alexis, publisher of *Crossdressers' Quarterly*. (To this day, no one is sure how Salem got her pictures. Danielle says she's never had even an accidental encounter with him.)

In May, approximately two weeks after the Prohibitory Order was filed, I received a letter of apology from the publishers of *T.V. Guy*, which I responded to with a

letter outlining Salem's past activities and urging them to discontinue their association with them. While they never responded, in October of 1992, I had a conversation with one of *T.V. Guy*'s retailers, who told me that he was apparently no longer appearing there.

While my one-sided conversation with *T.V. Guy* continued, Dallas Denny of AEGIS forwarded a copy of a letter Salem sent to a New York area crossdresser, claiming 30,000 members nationwide to his organization. (Note the huge discrepancy in claimed membership numbers from less than three years previous!)

We heard no more about Salem until October of 1992, when I received a letter -- with by-now familiar handwriting on the envelope -- from "Soraya" of the New Woman Surgical Center, requesting advertising rate information for *Cross-Talk* and inquiring as to the percentage of transsexual readership. Since Dallas Denny had already alerted us that the infamous *John "Butcher" Brown was operating the* Center in Tijuana under a pseudonym (*Cross-Talk* #39, January 1993), and since JoAnn Roberts had already identified "Soraya" as a Salem alias, I wrote back a terse letter to Salem advising him that we were all on to him. He disappeared completely ... or so we thought.

In a recent issue of the Monarch Social Club's newsletter *MiSs C's Musings*, there was a short notice of a "national TV/TS leather club" forming. According to the notice, which originally appeared in issue #50 of *The Leather Journal*, the "North American Transvestite/Transsexual Leather Club", claiming 300 members and expecting to have 1,000 by 1996 (amazing how the figures keep spiraling downward), gave as its contact one Philip Salem of Seattle, Washington.

I have had more than enough of this man. I will even be presumptuous and say that the entire gender community has had enough of this man.

Philip Salem, as far as any of us have heard, has never received one word of support or praise from anyone in our community. At no time since I started keeping track of him four years ago has anyone stepped forward to offer a story of how Salem helped them. All I have ever heard are stories of how Salem has ripped off unsuspecting people, how he has taken photos sent to him in good faith and used them to lure more unsuspecting victims into his confidence.

He has more aliases than a crossdresser, more stories than someone covering for their attendance at a convention, more lies than Jon Lovitz's character Tommy Finegan.

The only reason none of us have ever taken legal action against him is that -- like any successful con man -- he has always eluded us as far as discovering his true identity. I would have no reservations in taking him on, as I have nothing to hide, but I can't because I've never been taken in by him.

It is my hope that by publicizing Salem's activities we as a community can rally and gather enough information to make him go *away, once and for all. Everything I've* written in this column can be substantiated by documentation in my files, but I have little or nothing prior to 1989, and I'm sure there are also a lot of stories in the present that I'm not aware of. So while I can continue to gather the information on our community's behalf, I need the help and support of our community to finally **do something** about Philip Salem.

Please send anything you may have to me here at *Cross-Talk*, P.O. Box 944, Woodland Hills CA 91365. You have my personal assurance that your identity will be kept confidential and that any contact by authorities -- if we are successful enough to be able to begin working with them -- will be through me.

On behalf of those who may be Salem's future targets, thank you in advance for your support.

[This article originally appeared in **Cross-Talk** *#51 (January 1994), and may be freely reprinted in any gender community publication, either non-profit or for-profit.]*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

POLICY: Short announcements and advertisements from Club Members are published free for two consecutive months (once each in TGIC News and The Transgenderist), unless cancelled by the originator or a specific request to continue is made.

BOOKCASE WANTED
With recent donations of books and magazines, the bookcase and file cabinet in our Club Room are overflowing. If any of you have a spare bookcase you are willing to donate to the Club, please contact us. Measure its size, so we can make sure it will fit somewhere in the room.

HORMONES BOOK
The Club has copies of this book by Shiela Kirk for sale @ $8 if picked up in the Club room, or $9.50 by mail. Ask Winnie.

ACCESSORIES BY MAIL
THE RIGHT TOUCH, a new mail order catalog, offers exclusive, specially proportioned, high fashion accessories (jewelry, belts and more) for the larger woman, including the transgendered. To receive a catalog, you can write or call: **1-800-233-2883**
The Right Touch
95-60 Queens Blvd., Dept. TN205
Rego Park, NY 11374

TRI-ESS MEETINGS
The LCL Chapter of Tri-Ess, a National organization for heterosexual crossdressers, meets in Schenectady on the third Saturday of each month. They encourage wives and girlfriends to attend, and have a more active couples focus than TGIC at this time. Members of TGIC are welcome to attend their meetings; there is a meeting fee to pay for the motel suite. Contact us for LCL meeting times and location. In a reciprocal agreement, members of LCL are welcome at all TGIC meetings and dinner parties. Several individuals are members of both groups.

DRESSED TO THRILL, May 20-21, 1994
If you are interested in exotic fashions and are going to be in Southern California this weekend, you may want to attend this banquet and ball in Long Beach, sponsored by *Versatile Fashions* and hosted by *Mistress Antoinette*. Contact TGIC for more information, or write to: *Versatile Fashions*, PO Box 1051, Tustin, CA 92681; *Tel:* 714-538-0257.

STONEWALL 25, June 26, 1994
To mark the 25th Anniversary of the *Stonewall Rebellion*, there will be a March & Rally in New York City on Sunday, June 26 and other activities between June 23-27. A block of rooms for transgendered participants has been reserved by the **Greater New York Gender Alliance** (GNYGA). Contact TGIC for more information, or call Linda Frank of GNYGA: **(212) 765-3561**, Monday through Thursday evenings from 6 to 10 pm EST.

ANONYMOUS HIV ANTIBODY TESTING
Your regional HIV Counseling and Testing Program provides free HIV counseling and antibody testing, support and referral. No names will be asked. (NYS Health Department) ***Albany Area:*** (518) 486-1595 or 1-800-962-5065.

Tawny's Boutique

A store for the transgendered community only!

* Regular & full-figure clothing
* Shoes, wigs, breast forms, lingerie
* Hosiery, cosmetics, jewelry & more
* Understanding, helpful & confidential
* Front and discrete rear entrances

16 E. Main St., Amsterdam, NY
(second floor, look for American flag and "T's" in the windows)

Hours:
Sun: 12 pm - 7 pm
Mon, Tues, Thurs: 5 pm - 9 pm
Wed: closed
Fri, Sat: 12 pm - 9 pm

(518) 843-8761

CALENDAR

Regular Meetings are held every Thursday at the TGIC Club Room on Central Avenue in Albany, 7:30 - 10:30 pm. Some come earlier and stay later, but it is wise call if you are not a Keyholder or if it is your first visit. Come dressed either way, meet and talk with friends. Many continue to socialize at one of the Central Ave. night spots after the meetings.

MARCH 1994

Mar 10 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm
Mar 12 Saturday, 8 pm
Dinner Party, Northway Inn
Mar 17 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm
Mar 24 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm
Mar 31 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm

APRIL 1994

Apr 7 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm
Apr 9 Saturday, 8 pm
Dinner Party, Northway Inn
Apr 14 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm
Apr 21 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm
Apr 28 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm

MAJOR COMING EVENTS

Contact TGIC for more information. Some registration brochures are available in the Club Room

Mar 12-20 *IFGE Convention*, Portland, OR
Apr 21-24 *Moonlight in Manhattan*, NY
4/27-5/1 *California Dreamin'*, Burbank
May 19-22 *Paradise in the Poconos*, PA
May 20-22 *A Taste of Esprit*, Port Angeles, WA
5/31-6/6 *Tiffany Club Spring Fling*, Provincetown, MA
June 8-12 *Be All You Want To Be*, Pittsburgh, PA
Aug 17-21 *3rd Annual Transgender Law and Policy Conference (TRANSGEN '94)*, Houston, TX
Oct 4-7 *Dignity Cruise V*, Pittsburgh
Oct 16-23 *Fantasia Fair*, Provincetown

LINGERIE SHOPPING

On Feb. 13, there was an article in the *Times-Union* about bashful men shopping for intimate apparel as *Valentine's Day* gifts. How many of you took the opportunity to get something for *yourself*? The final paragraphs of the article mention us:

> On the other end of the lingerie spectrum, Madame Pirie's Famise Corset & Lingerie Shop on Central Avenue in Albany has been catering to large and mature women for the last 45 years.
>
> "If you don't want your stomach showing, this is the place to come," says Cathy Mesite, an owner of the family-run store. "Those other lingerie stores cater to the young and thin women. But big women and older women want to feel sexy just like them."
>
> Men with back trouble or ailments stemming from obesity also come to buy corsets. For themselves. "They're embarrassed at first, but they're here on doctor's orders, so that makes it a little easier for them," Mesite said.
>
> Men also shop for themselves at Frederick's, but for other reasons. "We get several cross-dressers in here," said Cheryl Barth, the manager of Frederick's at Crossgates Mall. "You can tell some of them as soon as they walk in, but others you couldn't guess until they ask to try something on."

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